

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



I RESOLVED TO TAKE HER TO SOME HIDING-PLACE, AND THEN RETURN TO MY COMRADES.

THE RIVAL HEIRS.

CHAPTER VII.—HERR KRAUSE'S STORY.

"My father was a small innkeeper in the village of N—, on the borders of the Odenwald, a bustling, hardworking man, with no ideas whatever beyond his business, though not without a fair share of the self-importance common to his class. My mother inclined more to quietude and contemplation, and was truly pious. She went as regularly as possible to the church on Sundays—an uncommon thing in N—, and took pains to set the fear of God before the eyes of her

children. Though apparently ill-matched, my parents lived happily enough together; for my mother valued her husband's energy and thriftiness, and my father esteemed his wife's goodness and faithfulness.

"I was the youngest of six children; two sisters died in infancy, before I was born; the remaining three were brothers. My chief occupation in childhood, when not at school, was to look after the pigs, which were driven away every day into the forest to feed. From six years of age onwards to twelve, school and its pleasant and unpleasant experiences fill the largest place in my memory. Our schoolmaster was a very odd, disagreeable man, who

inspired nearly all us children with dislike. I remember very well when in church with my mother, spending a great part of the time in devising schemes of revenge against him, and thinking what I would do when I was grown up. But all my schemes vanished as soon as I entered into his dread presence. His peevishness towards me in particular was, I believe, partly my father's fault. I dare say you have heard that in those days village schoolmasters used to be paid partly in kind. They received a small fixed salary, and the parents paid money or sent sausages, bacon, ham, cheese, or whatever else they might have. Sausage day used to be a very anxious time for us all. Our schoolmaster had drawn two lines on the door-post, as a kind of sausage-measure. When a boy arrived with his contribution, it was at once applied to the door-post, and woe to him whose sausage fell short: we could tell at a glance what we might expect for weeks to come. Now, whether out of spite or thoughtlessness, my sausage frequently chanced to be short, and many were the jacketings I received in consequence. Oh, how I longed to get away from the school, and be, as I thought, independent. In other respects, our master was deserving of praise. The little he knew he did his best to teach; and I have to thank him, and perhaps some of his floggings, for the post I have now held so long.

"My eldest brother had been sent, when about fourteen years of age, to learn the business of a waiter at the nearest tolerably large town. I remember looking upon him as a superior kind of being, when he visited us once a year, with his black clothes, gloves, smart hat, and gold chain. To be a waiter—that was the height of my ambition; and, naturally, my brother did his best to produce an imposing effect on us all. My father was very proud of him, and saw him in imagination either the manager or owner of a town hotel—the highest position of which he could dream! The original intention had been that this brother should succeed to my father's business; but after being a year or two in a town, he disdained the life of a village inn-keeper. His descriptions of the grand dinners they gave, the grand balls that were in their hotel, furnished my boyish imagination with food for weeks, and in my heart I determined to be a waiter like Henry. But Providence had ordered me a better lot. My other brothers were apprenticed, the one to a joiner, the other to a blacksmith—trades which my father chose, because, as he said, he hated finicking tailors and chattering shoemakers, and the like of them.

"When it became clear that my other brothers, especially the eldest, would not take to the village business, my parents resolved to keep me at home. Accordingly there I remained. In a general way, our house had little bustle. Saturday and Sunday evenings brought us our chief company. The exceptions were when the pigs were slaughtered, and my father invited his customers to what we call 'Metzelsuppe,' or when we were honoured with the Kirmes festivities."

"By the way, what is Metzelsuppe?" said I; "I used to see the word when I was a student at Heidelberg, but I always forgot to ask what it meant."

"Most keepers of inns, or the smaller restaurants, slaughter a couple or more pigs at all events once a year, and make sausages of as much of the flesh as is suitable for the purpose. Of these sausages a considerable proportion is at once boiled, and the broth thus produced, after the addition of vegetables, is taken as soup. Landlords then make it known far and wide, that on a particular evening there will be a 'Metzelsuppe' at their houses. Besides the proper soup, they provide other

eatables, principally of the pork kind, and the people who come get an excellent supper at an unusually low price. The whole entertainment is termed a 'Metzelsuppe.' When butchers have the broth referred to, they sell it by the pint or quart to their usual customers, for soup. Other eating bouts of a similar kind we used to get up when pancake time came, and so forth. On these occasions my father felt the full dignity of his position; and his bosom swelled with pride when his health was drunk and his entertainment loudly praised, by the assembled company. But the annual Kirmes was my great joy. When I was about seventeen years of age, it used to be the subject of conversation between me and my companions, for weeks or even months beforehand. How these festivals pass off, you have seen with your own eyes; and in no respect did I fall behind my companions. Till I was nineteen I remained at home, playing half-waiter, half master, half servant; and then came the first decided turning-point in my life. The lot fell on me to become soldier. At this I was rather glad than otherwise, for, notwithstanding my mother's teachings and example, I was strongly inclined to join in the wild goings on of other young men of my age; though, wild as I was, I could not bear the mild reproving look of my mother's eye. My chief idea of a soldier's life was that of a lot of jolly fellows singing songs, lounging about, and courting sweethearts all the day long. A month after my nineteenth birthday, I set off to the nearest town, where was a military post. When my mother kissed me for the last time, and, with tears rolling down her cheeks, begged me to remember her good counsels, I felt a strange tight sensation about my chest, and one or two tears forced their way into my eyes; but I quickly recovered myself, and brushed them away, for it was considered unmanly to cry. I little thought those dear kind eyes rested on me for the last time; but so it was.

"My first six months of soldier's life were spent in the barracks at W—. At the end of that time we were suddenly ordered to a town some hundred miles away. For nearly three years we changed about from town to fortress and from fortress to town, without ever seeing the gloomier aspect of war. Our time came, however, at last. The division of which my regiment formed a part received orders to advance to quarters within about fifteen or twenty miles of the enemy, so as to be ready for action jointly with others.

"I should not think it worth while to talk any longer about my soldier life, but for an incident which happened to me in my very first battle, if I may so term it, for in reality it was only a slight skirmish. Our commanding officer had received information that parties of French soldiers who were in the habit of going out on foraging expeditions, had become so daring as to venture almost beyond our outposts, and that one was likely to be out the day but one following, in a particular district. He at once gave orders that a company of us should march in the direction indicated. I was one of those selected. We set out early in the morning, and after marching about three hours came to a halt on the outskirts of a pretty large forest. Here we rested for half an hour, and ate our breakfast ration. As we had now to enter the forest, it became necessary to march with the utmost caution, lest we should meet with a surprise. After advancing thus for about three quarters of an hour, we found that we were almost through the forest, which at this part was very narrow. All at once, our advanced guard stood stock still, made the concerted signal that an enemy was in sight, and, without being observed, joined us through the trees. They had seen the tail of a French column just disappearing at a dis-

tance to the left, behind the trees, evidently intent on some object before them, and made careless by the impunity they had enjoyed. We marched quietly and cautiously on till another signal was given, and two of us were sent through the trees to the left, for the purpose of reconnoitring. Our scouts shortly returned with the information that the French were aiming at a large farmhouse and yard, which stood not far from the forest edge, about five hundred yards to our left; that they seemed inferior to us in number; and that, by taking a short cut through the trees, we might probably surprise a good number of them ere we were observed. It was immediately decided to take the course recommended; and when we arrived where we had a pretty distinct view of the open ground, there were our enemies almost within fire. Some few had already disappeared in the yard behind the outbuildings; there was therefore no time to be lost if we did not wish to attack them behind solid walls. So in double quick time we pressed on to within range, and the half of us fired. The French were completely taken aback and thrown into consternation: they looked round and round, and were a few moments ere they discovered us. The other half then fired, and then our officer commanded half to charge, and half to march quickly round to the other end of the range of buildings. I was among the latter. After a few moments of confusion, however, the French recovered from their surprise, and then a skirmish began. The party to which I belonged marched quickly to the left, by the side of a line of outbuildings, which hid from sight what was going on; and we therefore did not know but that we might stumble on enemies at any moment. I happened to be the last man. Just as I was on the point of turning the corner with the rest of my comrades, I heard a rap at a small window, of which we had taken little notice, and stopped to see what it was, first, however, putting myself in a posture of defence by way of precaution. The window then opened, and a girl, pale and trembling with fear, put her head out and said—

"You're a German, aren't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Oh save me, then: the French have just broken into the house, and I hear them firing, and I don't know what to do. Can't you save me?"

"At first I was perplexed what to do; but, quickly recovering myself, answered—

"Jump through the window, and go and hide in the forest till we have driven them off."

"She got out at the window, which was not far from the ground, and was about to do as I had suggested, when numerous shots were fired, and, overcome with alarm, she laid hold of my arm and exclaimed—

"I daren't go alone; do come with me. Oh do, or they will take me."

"I therefore resolved to take her to some hiding-place, and then to return to my comrades. But when I turned to leave her, she was so overcome with fright that I was again completely at a loss. Meanwhile, as the firing seemed to grow stronger instead of weaker, I began to suspect either that one of our outposts, or a fresh body of the French, had unexpectedly arrived. I was placed in an awkward dilemma. On the one hand, I ought to join my comrades; on the other hand was the poor girl, who, left to herself, would be incapable of doing anything. By way of solving the difficulty, I determined to reconnoitre, and told the girl to remain where she was till I returned.

"Cautiously creeping to the edge of the forest, where I could see what was going on, I found, to my horror, that my comrades were retreating rapidly in a different

direction from that in which we had come, with an evidently fresh body of French soldiers following them. My course was now clear. To have attempted to join our detachment would have been madness; so I had no alternative but to try and save myself, with the girl, as well as I could. On inquiry, I found that though she knew the general direction of the town whence we had set out in the morning, she did not know the way. It was out of question, of course, to take the open road. We first went a little deeper into the forest, and then struck off to the left, concealing ourselves as much as possible behind the bushes. In this way we proceeded as rapidly as possible for nearly an hour, as far as I could judge, when we thought we heard the tramping of men and the clink of arms ahead of us, and therefore instantly cowered down behind the nearest shelter. To my terror, they were French soldiers returning along one of the broader roads that wound through the forest, but evidently without any suspicion of prey being near. They would have passed on at once, but, unluckily, a couple of rabbits started across their path, and ran in the direction of our hiding-place. At once two or three guns were fired; the soldiers followed to see the result of their aim, and they must inevitably have stumbled upon us had not the rabbits suddenly shot off to the right. We had escaped a double danger—the danger of being shot, for the bullets lodged in the trees a few steps before us, and that of being taken prisoners. The rest of our journey was completed without interruption. I found that the girl had an uncle in the town, whose shop I had frequently seen, and to him I took her. The family thanked me very warmly, and requested me to call upon them, which I should have done had we not received orders to change quarters the following week. My comrades were much surprised to see me again; for they made sure I had either been killed or taken prisoner.

"During the next year, one event alone happened that touched me more nearly—the death of my mother. She died rather unexpectedly, after a few days' illness; and owing to the distance of my quarters, and the uncertainty of the post, I did not receive the news for more than a week after her funeral. I was more deeply affected than I should have expected. My soldier experiences had rather tamed me down; and now I called to mind all my dear mother's kindness, tenderness, patience, and especially her last tears and words. I would have given worlds to have spoken to her before she died. I would have promised her everything. But now it was too late; and in the night, hard soldier as I was, I wept bitter, bitter tears.

"Shortly afterwards, we received orders to march to battle; and a battle took place. One of the very first shots that was fired wounded me very severely in the right foot. I daresay you may have noticed that I walk lame; I still feel pain there when the weather is about to change; so I was carried to the rear, and thence transported along with others to the quarters we had left. Inflammation supervened, and my life was for some time in great danger; but a kind Providence watched over me. My own narrow escape, the fall of so many of my comrades, particularly of one who had been my chief friend and companion, and the death of my mother—all joined to force me to serious thoughts, which have had a permanent influence on my character ever since. I determined then, if spared, to lead a very different life.

"Two months passed ere I was sufficiently recovered to go about in the open air; and then I was pronounced unfit for further service. Accordingly, having received my certificates, I set off as early as possible on foot for my native village.

"On the sixth day after my departure, owing to the weakness of my foot I was unable to walk long at once, and the unsettled state of the country forced me to take a roundabout way. I entered, as usual, into one of the village inns to rest for the night. As you may well imagine, soldiers coming direct from the scene of hostilities were everywhere welcome guests; and I was always surrounded at night by persons who put crowds of questions to me, and forced on me beer, wine, and whatever else was to be had, in abundance. Many a sad and glad face did I cause; for it not unfrequently happened that the inquirers had sons or brothers in the wars, and sometimes I was able to give them either good or bad news. If I had accepted all the invitations I received from farmers and others whose sons I had slightly known, I should not have reached home for months. One morning, I remember, in particular, sent me on my journey with a very sad heart. Just as I was passing one of the last cottages in the village, a widow woman of about fifty years of age, very plainly but still cleanly clad, came out, and, beckoning me to her, said, 'You are the soldier from M—, are you not? I wanted to come and ask you last night if you had seen or heard anything of my son—he was in the nussars? His name was George Müller.'

"Before I could answer her question, she had read in my face that I had no good news to tell her, and, wringing her hands, she cried, 'Oh! he's dead, he's dead! I knew he was; oh, my dear lad, what will become of me?' and the tears rolled in floods down her cheeks. My friend, who had fallen in battle, was named George Müller, but, to make sure, I asked her to describe him, and our worst fears were realized. When I told her we had been companions, it seemed to soothe her for a moment, and she made me come into her room. Nothing would content her but I should have something to eat; and when I told her I had eaten my fill half an hour before, she forced me to take a large piece of bread with me, the best she had. As I saw it was a good part of her scanty store, I secretly left a small coin on the table, by way of repayment, when I went away. She seemed as though she could not let me go. I thought of my own dear mother as I bade her good-bye, sobbing as though her heart would break, and could have wept myself.

"The night I referred to, the sixth of my journey, decided my future life. As usual, I was soon surrounded by questioners. In the course of conversation one of the men who sat near me, after I had mentioned various incidents of the war, said, 'My daughter had a strange adventure near W—; she was staying at one of her uncles, who has a farm in the neighbourhood;' and after giving almost an exact description of what happened to me and the girl in the skirmish with the French, he said, 'I wish I had an opportunity of thanking the soldier myself for rescuing my child as he did, but I have never been able to hear anything of him. He took her to another uncle's in the town, and they asked him to come and see them, but his regiment went away soon after.' I had listened with breathless interest, and then asked, 'What was the name of her uncle?' 'Herr Blumer.' 'Where did he live?' 'In the Stein Strasse.' 'Then I'm the soldier.' 'You are, really! Give me your hand;' and in his surprise he scarcely knew what to say or do. When he left he said to me, 'Now, you'll be sure to stay with us to-morrow; my wife and daughter will long to see you, for they are constantly talking about you. I'll fetch you to-morrow morning.' This time I easily resolved to break through my resolution of returning directly home, for the thought of

seeing the blue eyes and blooming cheeks I had rescued from the French caused at once a fluttering at my heart.

"Next morning Herr Blumer—for so he was called too—came for me and took me off at once to his house. Both his daughter and I recognised each other, and her mother gave the heartiest welcome. At a German farmer's house nothing can be done without eating, so we at once sat down to sausages of all sorts, ham, cheese, butter, bread, and wine, and then Fräulein Lisbeth and I lived over again our strange meeting and hairbreadth escapes. Of course they would hear my subsequent history. Frau Blumer's heart opened to me, especially when I told them how my mother had died without my being able to see her. There I staid the whole of the day, my heart growing warmer every hour towards Lisbeth, till I secretly hoped some excuse would present itself for staying over the next day too.

"During the day Herr Blumer naturally asked me whither I was going, what I thought of doing, and so forth. I told him where my father lived, and that I hoped to succeed him. He added, 'By the way, a neighbour of mine, Herr Heinze, can tell you some news about your village; he was through it about six weeks ago, when he went to see his son in R—. We'll call on him to-morrow, for there's no use in your hurrying away; you can eat at my house, and sleep where you are: I shall only be paying back part of the debt I owe you. Accordingly, the next morning we called on Herr Heinze, who, after asking who my father was, and so forth, informed me that owing to the bad times, and the frequent quarterings, now of French and then of German soldiers, he had got seriously into debt, had been obliged to sell all he possessed, and was now living with his son the blacksmith. 'I should not know all this,' said he, 'but I happened to pass through the village the very day of the sale.' Here was I, therefore, thrown completely on my own resources; and what to do I was puzzled.

"At this point a gracious Providence again directed my steps. As we returned from Herr Heinze's my host said to me, 'Well, now what will you do?'

"To which I of course replied, 'That I really do not know. Can you propose anything? I'll take any place whatever, that I can fill.'

"By the way,' said he then, 'something occurs to me: could not you stay and become the assistant of our old schoolmaster and cantor? Hard work you cannot undertake, because of your foot.'

"But am I fit for it?' answered I.

"Why not? The old man also was a soldier in his youth. You can read and write and do accounts, can't you? and that's principally what we require. The old man must have some one, for he is very infirm, and frequently unable to go to the school. If the times had not been so unsettled we should have had some one before now. So I'll see what can be done.' You can easily imagine that the idea of having something to do here, was welcome on many grounds. Herr Blumer went the same afternoon to two or three friends of his, and got them to join in recommending me to the clergyman and village schulze (bailiff), and they spoke to the old schoolmaster, who, when he heard that I was a soldier, received me with open arms. It was arranged that I should render temporary assistance until the matter could be referred to the proper authorities. After three months' probation I was definitely appointed assistant.

"The next act in the drama of my life I daresay you can guess. I gained the love of Lisbeth, then the consent of her parents to our betrothal, and at the end of two years, when the old man died and I had been chosen

his successor, we were married. My daughter is the very image of her mother when I married her, and so the scene is frequently recalled to my mind.

"Since then, my life has run a comparatively smooth course. Of course I have had my share of the anxieties and pleasures that belong to the lot of men. But on the whole I have great reason to be thankful. There are only two other events which have left a very deep impression on my mind—the death of my dear wife, and my last birthday but one.

"To the loss of my wife and children I alluded before. It took place about fifteen years ago. No two people could have lived more happily than we lived; her death, therefore, was a terrible blow. A fever, which was at the time rather prevalent in this district, carried her and my two children off within the space of six weeks. That was indeed a sad time. Oh! how tedious and uninteresting were my duties! how empty seemed the home which had once been my joy! The games and tricks of the school children, which I had once watched with secret pleasure, now became an annoyance, and my warmest desire was soon to follow her who had been the light of my days. But I will not trouble you farther with my griefs; you must surely already have heard enough about me." I assured him nothing could please me better than for him to continue; so he proceeded.

"In time, however, my constant occupations, and the thought of my two remaining children, brought me greater calmness and resignation. I had, very fortunately, an old faithful servant, who attended to my household until my daughter grew old enough to take an interest in such things. But for this I should probably, against my inclination, have followed the advice tendered me by many friends—to marry again. I feel glad now that I did not do so, for to marry a second time when one has been uninterruptedly happy the first time, is running a great risk. Comparisons force themselves on the mind, and then discontent and discord easily arise. My interest also in the school revived by degrees, and I tried more completely than ever to do my duty to the children.

"The other event which made a lasting impression on my mind, and had an important bearing on my life, was, as I said, my last birthday but one. But if you have still patience to hear, I must tell you the circumstances which led to that birthday being a kind of red-letter day in my history, though it threatened to pass over very sadly. I alluded before to the clergyman who preceded the present one. He left us some eighteen months ago, regretted by no one save by the landlord of the inn where you are staying, and one or two with whom he used to play at cards, smoke his pipe, and drink his beer of an evening. For nine months prior to the birthday I refer to, I had been more unhappy, perhaps, than at any period of my life, for the following reason. The clergyman and I never sympathized with each other, though we never quarrelled. In my earlier days he would have suited me well enough; but now, after all my sorrows and chastenings, I longed for a spiritual guide and comforter. About the commencement of the time I am speaking of, he began to throw out hints that I was growing too old to do the work alone, and that I ought to have an assistant. To this theme he recurred at every opportunity, urging that the small sum I should have to deduct from my salary could not much matter. For about two or three months it was not at all clear to me what he meant; his words were fair, but somehow they made me very uneasy. He also took several opportunities, as I found out, of urging on my daughter the advisableness of my applying for permission to have an assistant; and the good unsus-

pecting creature was quite moved by his friendly interest. Before long, however, the whole thing became clear. The pfarrer's nephew came to live with him, who, we were told, had been plucked at his theological examination, and was therefore minded to become schoolmaster. This circumstance at once threw light on the apparently kind proposals made me.

"One day in particular, I remember discovering the hollowness of his advice. I was sitting in the garden after the early school duties were over, ruminating on my position, as I had frequently done of late, when Lisbeth came to me and said, 'Father, why are you looking so serious? Has anything happened to trouble you? Or is it the old story again? Why shouldn't you have an assistant? Think how nice it would be if you could rest in the afternoons, especially in this hot weather. And perhaps the Consistory would not expect you to pay anything.'

"'Child,' I said, 'you don't know what you are saying. I shall not do any such thing; in the first place, because I feel quite able to do the work myself. Sometimes, it's true, I feel tired; but who doesn't occasionally? And in the second place, because all he wants is to get in that young nephew of his, and if he is once in, he'll soon find an excuse either for the making him head teacher, or having me superannuated. I see through the whole scheme, so never mention it to me again.'

"I answered her rather sharply, for the whole thing had vexed me exceedingly. A few minutes afterwards, I went into the house, and had not been long seated ere a knock came at the door, and in walked the pfarrer. After the usual compliments and a little chat about politics, farming, and such things, he returned to his old subject—this time in a few form.

"'I have been thinking over the matter of an assistant again and again,' said he, 'and I am decidedly of opinion that one should be appointed. At your time of life more rest is needed. Besides, you know, I must shortly send in my usual report to the Consistory respecting the state of the school; and it will be my duty to propose an assistant myself, if you do not apply first, which may lead to unpleasant consequences. So I leave the matter with you.'

"I saw that evasion was no longer possible, and could scarcely restrain my indignation; so I replied, 'Herr Pfarrer, I do not know what you may be pleased to report about my performance of my duties; but without being guilty of immodesty, I think I may affirm that I am still quite fit to perform the work alone; and therefore, I must once for all decline entering upon your proposal.'

"He pressed the matter more and more urgently; but though I had doubted for a long time what to do, to avert the brooding storm, I was now resolved, firmly but calmly to take up the position I have described. At last he went away, evidently terribly mortified, and left me naturally uneasy than ever. Though he never directly alluded to the subject again, after this interview, I had reason to fear that he would make the threatened representations, and did not know that any day might bring either the appointment of his nephew, or what might be still worse—my superannuation.

"Some two months after the conversation just mentioned, one morning as I was leaving the schoolroom, a respectable looking gentleman came up, and after the usual salutation, said, 'Ah, I see I am too late to look at your scholars. I am Mr. S—, a merchant from C—. My coachman drove the carriage in which I am travelling against a large stone at the entrance of the village, and broke one of the axletrees; and as it will

be some hours before it is ready, and I interest myself in educational matters, I thought I would look in at you. I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken.'

"I beg you not to mention it," said I. "But where will you stay till you can start again? Our village inn has very little accommodation; if you will do me the honour of coming to my house, you shall be heartily welcome. And if it would give you any pleasure, I will hold a short examination after dinner; but you must not expect too much, for they are merely country children, and I am only a village schoolmaster."

"Herr S—consented. Lisbeth was at first a little disconcerted; but she did her best, and our guest was so friendly and chatty, that we felt quite at home with him."

"When dinner was ended, we returned to the school, and I said to the children, 'Now, children, here is a gentleman from C—, who wishes to know how you are getting on; and we are going to ask you questions; so I hope you will not disgrace your teacher.'

"They then sung a chorale, and the examination began. We went through the usual subjects—religion, reading, arithmetic, spelling, and so forth. At first they were shy and backward, but by and by took courage, and answered, on the whole, to my satisfaction. When the examination was terminated, and I had dismissed the children, the gentleman expressed his great satisfaction in very flattering terms, saying he wished all the village schools were so efficiently conducted. I then remarked, 'But there are some who think differently, and consider me so feeble that I ought to have an assistant.'

"What do you mean?" said he.

"I hesitated at first to tell him what had passed; but he said, 'I see there is something wrong; so please tell me. Who knows but I may be able to be of some service to you.'

"I therefore told him exactly how things stood.

"Indeed! indeed!" replied he. "That's it, is it? I think I can be of service. I happen to be on intimate terms with the Consistorial Councillor P—, in C—, and I will take the first opportunity of giving him my opinion on the subject. So ease your mind."

"My visitor's words relieved my mind for a few days; but then I thought—What can the Consistory do? If the pfarrer makes the report he threatened, they will probably take more notice of him than of any private individual's impressions. So the cloud returned. Of course I mentioned the matter to one or two of my best friends amongst the farmers; and they were very indignant, but feared nothing could be done.

"So full of anxiety did I continue, that for once I entirely forgot my approaching birthday. Others, however, had not forgotten it—neither my daughter nor the parents of the scholars. The day arrived. As I came out of my bedroom in the morning, suspecting nothing, the first thing my eye rested on was a large, comfortable arm-chair—the one you have seen in my house—with a wreath of oak-leaves turned round the arms, and a beautiful worked cushion hanging at the back. On a little table in front was a large cake, with 'Zum Seburfstag' ('For your birthday') on it in large letters of sugared work; and on the other table were spread various little presents of different kinds. For a moment I was completely taken aback; but in sprang Lisbeth by another door, and threw her arms round my neck, saying, 'Many many happy returns of your birthday, father.' At her heels came three or four farmers, offering their congratulations also; and outside the window the scholars sang a song in my honour. The tears ran

down my cheeks with joy, and I said, 'My friends, my friends, I never expected anything of this kind—More I could not say, for the boys raised a loud hurrah, and burst into the room to take their part in the joy. At the same moment came a messenger, bringing a large letter, sealed with an official seal. My hand trembled as I took it; and the thought dashed through my excited mind—What if this is to inform me of the dreaded appointment! Had I looked at the faces of those around me, I should have been able to guess the contents. With breathless haste I tore it open, and read—

"Honoured Herr Krause,—The Consistory having duly considered the application made by Herr Pfarrer, for the appointment of an assistant schoolmaster at Buchheim, have decided that it is unnecessary; and in token of their satisfaction at the manner in which you have discharged your duties, grant you an addition to your salary of —."

"CONSIST. RATH. P—."

"From the deepest anxiety, I passed thus in a moment to the very height of joy, and, completely overcome, sank back into the arm-chair, and surrendered myself to my emotions. The eldest of the farmers, to whom I had given the letter, then came forward and explained the whole matter. The supposed merchant was the consistorial councillor P— himself. My friends had made serious counter representations. He had been deputed to investigate the matter for himself, and the result was before my eyes. For such a day as that, it is worth going through many months of anxiety.

"Ere six months had passed, the pfarrer, at his own request, was transferred to another benefice, to the great joy of nearly all in the parish.

"With the present clergyman I stand on the best possible terms, and I have great reason to be thankful to him for his kindness. I have only one wish now ere I die—to see my son and daughter comfortably settled in life."

"By the way," said I, "before you conclude, tell me where your son is; what is he doing?"

"He is now at the Seminary for Village Schoolmasters. You know now even village schoolmasters must pass through a sort of college course and undergo an examination. It is by no means so easy as it was in my young days. Soon after our present pfarrer came, he interested himself in my son's behalf, and got him a small stipend, by means of which he might study for a village schoolmaster. He has now been attending the preparatory course one year, and in another year, if industrious, he will be ready to enter on the higher course, which generally lasts three years. But if we had not got this help, Henry could never have studied. The dearest wish of my heart is, that he may become my assistant, if I need one, when he has passed his examination; but I dare scarcely hope for so great a joy. And now I think I have told you all I can tell you. If my story has interested you, I can only attribute it to your kindness of heart, for it is commonplace enough. In one respect alone my life has not been commonplace—in proof of the truth of that Scripture saying—'Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy steps.'"

The memory of the hours I spent conversing with the village schoolmaster often recurs, and as often as it recurs I think of the words, "The path of a good man is ordered by the Lord," and of the remark that the influence of a mother's prayers, tears, and words can never be calculated.

A few years afterwards, I accidentally met the clergyman of the village, and to my great satisfaction learnt

that my Herr Krause had had his last wishes fulfilled. About the time his son completed his course of study, Herr Krause was taken ill; and, though he soon recovered, he no longer felt fully equal to his duties. He accordingly applied for an assistant, and in consequence of the representations made by the clergyman and other friends, his son was selected for the post. His daughter also was betrothed to a worthy schoolmaster in a neighbouring village.

An honourable and useful life was terminated by a peaceful and hopeful death, and "the memory of the just man was blessed."

"A good, pious, edifying story," said the squire; "we are all obliged to you, Mr. Lansdale, for letting us hear as much of your German experiences and friends; but good night to you, one and all. I have got a sleeping draught to take; and Miss Westby, you'll come to my room to-morrow forenoon. I want to speak to yourself; it's nothing about my will, mind, young man and all of you: I am not going to make it just yet."

LICHENS.

"And cups the darlings of the eye,
So deep in their vermilion dye;
Ah, me, what lovely tints are those,
Of olive, green, and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and partly white."

—WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.



a. Sac in Receptacle containing Seeds. b. Branch and Receptacle of *Cornicularia lanata*. c. Branch of Coral-lichen. d. Receptacle of Solid-lichen. e. Branch of Reindeer-lichen with fruit. f. Tip of frond of *Orchil* with fruit.

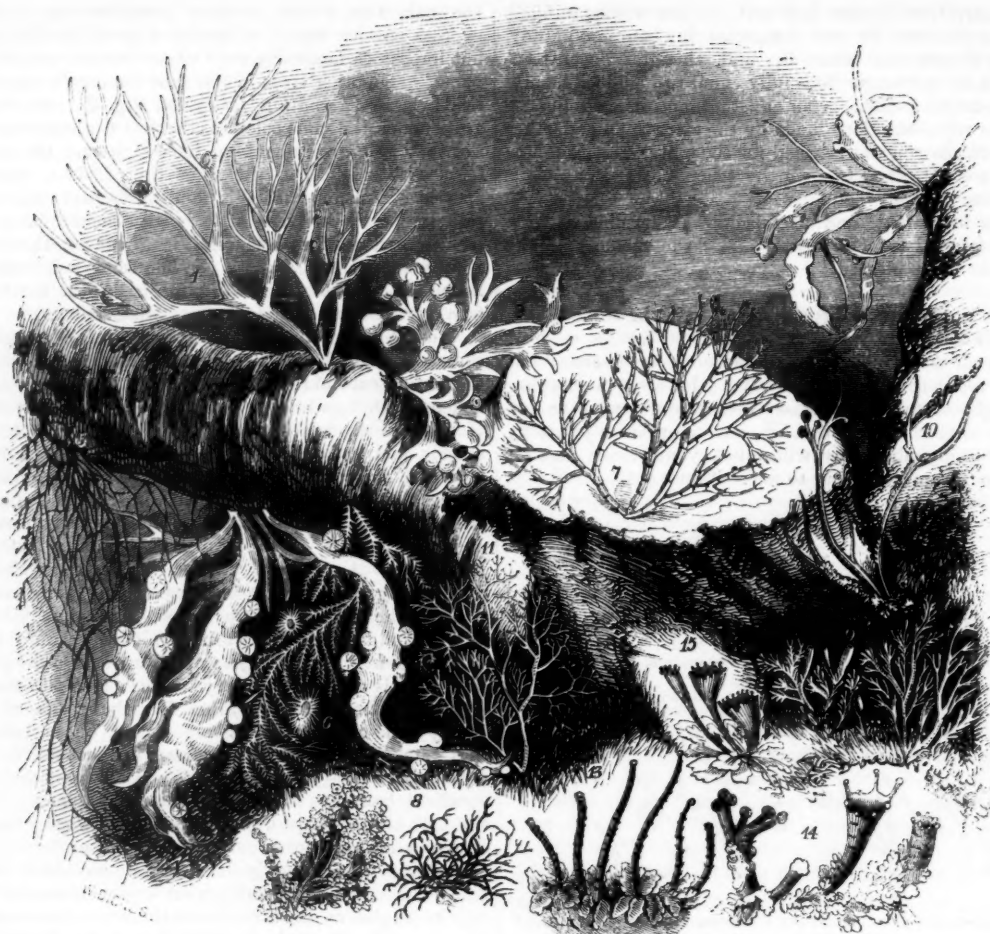
WHEN my sojourn at Looe was drawing towards its close, Dora came down one bright morning declaring she was resolved on a day's excursion. "You must see Talland Sands and Polperro," she said. "I have put on my seven-league boots, for I mean to walk with you there, and Pentreath will get a four-wheel and fetch us home for a late dinner."

I was very glad of the outing, for I had searched the immediate neighbourhood of Looe pretty closely; and, though I knew that some of the lichens which were next needed for my collection were growing in the Trelawny woods, yet I was not sorry for the chance of finding them in a newer scene.

We took a route west from the town, and, after climbing the hill and traversing an extensive table-land, we descended into a lane with deep hedge banks, and over-arched by trees. It did not require a long search to discover hoary foliage on these skeleton trees, and I gathered some tufts, and proceeded to examine them while we pursued our walk. It was certainly an evernia, and was of upright growth, and repeatedly forked; the branches were flat, glaucous, and covered with white powder; one or two ochre-tinted, sessile shields were to be found on the plants. It was the common hoary-branched lichen (*Evernia prunastri*, Fig. 1). This species has a remarkable property of retaining odours, and was therefore frequently employed in the manufacture of perfume powder. Evelyn says: "Of the very moss of

the oak, that which is white composes the choicest cypress powder, which is esteemed good for the head; but impostors familiarly vend other mosses under that name." On other trees in this lane the bundle-branched lichen grew (*Ramalina fastigiata*, Fig. 2). Its fronds are of much the same colour as those of the hoary species, but they only grow about an inch high, and are closely beset with shields; at the same time, it is a common species. A member of this family (*Evernia vulpina*) is said to poison wolves; it is a handsome plant, tall, forked, and sulphur-coloured; it grows on the Swiss mountains. Here, also, was the handsome ash-branched lichen (*R. faginea*, Fig. 3), with its broad, pendulous fronds waved and pitted in every distorted form. Numerous shields adorned the fronds near the margin, of the same whitish-green colour, and having no border; the entire substance is fibrous. The pendulous white lichen which I gathered on the fair-day off the rocks at Hannaford, was another of this family, bearing wart-like shields and forked fronds (*R. scopulorum*, Fig. 4); it is called the rock-branched lichen. The narrow mealy species (*R. farinacea*) is pretty. It resembles the hoary one, but is smaller, more slender, and profusely provided with mealy warts. I have gathered it both in Kent and Yorkshire. A very pretty lichen of the same kind, of exquisite green-white, was ornamenting some rotten pales. The branches were round, having an internal thread, and the large shield-like fruit had a ruff of hairs around it, which gave it the appearance of a daisy-like flower; it is called the flowery tree-lichen (*Usnea florida*, Fig. 6). There are two other British species of this family; the one, the bearded tree-lichen (*Usnea barbata*), is used as food for sheep and cows in Canada; and the other, the stringy B. (*U. plicata*), is declared to form excellent bandages for bruised feet in Lapland. They are both thread-shaped, pendulous, and of a grey colour. The rock-hair did not favour the pretty lane: it loves the branches of firs, and only flourishes in an Alpine situation. I remember observing what I imagined to be long hair entangled on the branches of the firs in Switzerland. Upon examination, I decided it to be a lichen, but I have only now learned in what family to place it. The fronds are thread-shaped, round, and branched. The receptacles are sessile and blackish: there can be no doubt that it was the rock-hair (*Alectoria jubata*, Fig. 5). The jointed tree-lichen (*Usnea hirta*, Fig. 7), grew upon the old pales by the side of the flowery one; it is a stiffer plant than the former, and of rather a darker hue, forked, but not feathered; it was growing erect, and its warts were small and ochraceous.

Emerging from the lane, we entered a small churchyard; the church was built upon the cliff, and commanded a wide seaward view. This was Talland, and the parish seemed to consist of scattered houses. The road now led on to the beach, which just there was flat for a few hundred yards, while on either side the rocks began to rise higher and higher, sporting every fanciful form which their shelving nature was capable of exhibiting, and the richest tints of grey and red, until they merged in cliffs and headlands so precipitous that you trembled to look down. Beautiful as Talland sands were, paved with the solid rock, we did not linger there, but proceeded to climb the cliffs and follow the path along their margin towards Polperro. Sometimes we seemed to be crossing a table-land, and then again rocks and heights appeared inland, and we were tempted out of our path to search for treasures. Here furze bushes towered over the ling, many of them covered with the entangled crimson threads of the dodder, and the rocks presented a great variety of crustaceous lichens. High



1. Hoary Branched-lichen (*Ecernia prunastri*). 2. Bundle B. (*Ramalina fastigiata*). 3. Ash B. (*R. frazinea*). 4. Rock B. (*R. scopulorum*). 5. Old man's hair (*Alectoria jubata*). 6. Flowery Tree-lichen (*Ulex florida*). 7. Jointed T. (*Ulex hirta*). 8. Woolly Horn-lichen (*Cornicularia lanata*). 9. Brittle Globe-lichen (*Sphaerophoron coralloides*). 10. Forked Cladonia (*Cladonia furcata*). 11. Reindeer-lichen (*C. rangiferina*). 12. Branched Solid-lichen (*Stereocaulon paschale*). 13. Thread-shaped Cup-lichen (*Scyphophorus fliformis*). 14. Common Cup-lichen (*S. pyxidatus*). 15. Fringed Cup-lichen (*S. fimbriatus*).

among these rocks, on a bleak spot, I found an elastic mat of black threads; I gathered some: they were round, branch-like, and forked; little black knobs were situated here and there in the forks, which showed under the lens a jagged border; the stems were solid. This was evidently one of the cornicularia, and its particular characteristics pointed it out as the woolly species (*Cornicularia lanata*, Fig. 8). There are several species of this genus to be found in Britain: one, the prickly species, produces the crimson pigment which we call lake. The dark, the black and grey, and the sulphur species are all inhabitants of Alpine moors in Scotland.

The family of the coral-lichens comes next in order; to the naked eye they appear as crustaceous-lichens, but the microscope reveals their title to be classed among the branched group, and their receptacles are thus shown to be cup-shaped. The tree coral-lichen (*Isidium heteromalla*) grows in old trunks in the southern and eastern counties, and the granulated in similar situations. The speckled, the dotted, the white, and the eye-like species, frequent rocks in Scotland. I remembered gathering a shrubby-lichen upon rocks in Swaledale; the stem was brownish, and rather flattened, but the branches became grey and forked at the tips. When dry it was very brittle, and bore globular receptacles; it grew on the

face of the rock, by the side of the cudbear, and also mingled with the moss on the ground. This was the brittle globe-lichen (*Sphaerophoron coralloides*, Fig. 9). Specimens of the branched solid-lichen were among those sent to me from Scotland (*Stereocaulon paschale*, Fig. 12). It is a clumsy little plant, with thick stem and crowded branches; these are not hollow, but solid, hence its name. It abounds on mountains, and its receptacles are flat and sessile. It grows in high latitudes, along with the reindeer-lichen, and the animals feed on it if their favourite lichen fails. There are several other species of solid-lichen, all more minute than the branched one, and chiefly inhabitants of Scotland.

And here on these sea-washed cliffs, as well as at the Cheesewring, and Starvegoose, and on the Yorkshire moors, grew the reindeer-lichen (*Cladonia rangiferina*, Fig. 11). It forms a white undergrowth beneath the heath and ling, or it covers dry plots with its interlaced branches. A pretty miniature tree, with round sessile borderless receptacles, it can endure any amount of heat and cold; even surviving the fires which so often burn up the heath. The Laplanders give thanks to God for this lichen, according to Linnæus. "A bounteous Providence sends us bread out of the very stones," they say. It is truly a great gift to them,

for it supports their deer, and is eaten, when cooked, by themselves. What a lesson of gratitude to us! Do we thus heartily acknowledge the profuse gifts for convenience, and even luxury, with which our hands are filled, and for which this Lapland moss is but a very wretched substitute? Surely our teeming harvests and prolific flocks should rouse us to thanks, fervent and grateful as those of the Laplanders, and proportioned to our greater blessings! Another species of this family is common enough upon our heaths and moors. It has a brownish, instead of greenish hue, and its branches are simple or once forked. It grew at Starvegoose; here on this hill near Polperro it was growing too, and the sight of it brought back many a vision of our Yorkshire moors to my mind. It is called the forked cladonia (*C. furcata*, Fig. 10). And here, too, in great abundance, grew several species of cup-lichens. The fringed-cup, its stem springing from clustering little fronds lined with white, and each one of its teeth bearing a black tubercle, was flourishing in large plots (*Scyphophorus fimbriatus*, Fig. 15). By its side was the common cup-lichen (*S. pyxidatus*, Fig. 14), varying only in its bluer colour and the blunter segment of the cup. This is what old Gerarde speaks of as the "cup mosse," and the qualities of which he sets forth: "The *Muscus Pyxidatus* I have Englished cup mosse, or chalice mosse. It groweth on the most barren, dry, and gravelly ditch banks, creeping flat upon the ground like unto liverwort, but of a yellowish-white colour, among which leaves start up here and there certaine little things fashioned like a little cup, called a beaker or chalice, and of the same colour and substance as the lower leaves, which undoubtedly may be taken for the flowers; the powder of which, given to children in any liquor for certaine daies together, is a most certaine remedy against that perilous malady called the chin-cough." This lichen has been used as a remedy for whooping-cough long since the days of Gerarde. The thread-shaped cup-lichen (*S. filiformis*, Fig. 13) was there too, its so-called cup contracted instead of expanded at the top, and bearing one small red knob at its summit. But the minute tubercles of the thread-shaped species were quite thrown into the shade by the equally brilliant and much larger receptacles of the cochineal and finger-cup lichens (*S. coccinea* and *digitata*, Plate 1, Figs. 20 and 22). These were old friends, having been among the denizens of Starvegoose, with which I became acquainted on my first excursion. One of them is the plant described by Mrs. Hemans as suggesting so touching an association:—

"And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified."

The horned cup-lichen closely resembles the thread-shaped species, but the tubercles were much larger in proportion to the cups (*S. cornutus*, Plate 1, Fig. 21). None of the cup-lichens are prettier than the torn-coated one (*S. sparassia*, Plate 1, Fig. 23), with its clusters of leaves, or scales, growing on its cup or stem, and giving it such a finished appearance. I found some plants of it in Kent, and it has since been sent to me from Scotland. The elegant cup-lichen was also a Kentish treasure. (Plate 1, Fig. 24, *S. gracilis*). The scyphophorus family boasts many other members, but those I had found were the most beautiful.

The last lichen family is that of the pimple-lichens (*Pycnothelia*). Its one member is very minute, merely a collection of pimples bearing receptacles. It infests the bark of trees.

I had now to a certain extent succeeded in gaining a practical acquaintance with lichens; and although I had

failed in finding representatives of some families, yet I had procured specimens of by far the greater number. The seed of these plants seems to be their most important and reliable feature, which seeds are contained in sacs, and the sacs lodged in a receptacle. Some sacs contain but one seed, some two, and some many (Fig. A). The receptacles are of various shapes and forms: goblet-shaped, as in the goblet-lichens; linear, as in the writing-lichens; wart-like, as in the wart-lichens, etc.; shields, as in the shield-lichens, etc.; powdery warts, as in the branch-lichens; and tubercles, as in the cup-lichens. The form of the frond, too, is a good mark of distinction: crustaceous in the mushroom, goblet, writing, wart, powdery, spotted, and shield-lichens; the scaly lichens, with fronds powdery within and leafy towards the edge, form a connecting link between two parties; and the parmeliads, lateral-fruited, dotted, gelatinous, socket, circular, and buckler-lichens are decidedly leafy in their habit. The last-named verge towards the branched-lichens, and the ramalinas, usneas, hair, horned, coral, globe, and solid belong to the leafy order. The cup form is restricted to the one family of cup-lichens.

At the little inn, in the narrow hilly street of Polperro, we found my brother-in-law waiting. He joined us, and while the horse was being put in we sauntered on to the cliff. The tide was high, but white foam a little way from the shore marked the situation of dangerous rocks. Pentreath told me, as we stood there, how, not many years ago, a vessel bound for Plymouth went down on those rocks. The sailors and the captain swam to shore, leaving the captain's wife and the black cook on the rocks. Reaching Polperro the men explained how they had just escaped a watery grave, and the captain entreated help for his wife. The men of Polperro needed no second invitation; they hastened to the shore, rescued the poor exhausted woman, whose failing strength rendered it impossible longer to cling to the rock, and bore her in triumph to Polperro, where the best bed in the best house was prepared for her. Having perfected their mission in her rescue, they proceeded to punish the husband for his cowardly selfishness in leaving his wife in her hour of need. They dragged him through and through the village pond, and then drove him away. Such was Pentreath's tale of Polperro rocks, and he assured me that such circumstances were of frequent occurrence. We turned sadly from that cruel sea, and, finding the carriage ready, proceeded homewards.

My holiday was now over, but it had performed its mission. Change of air, hill and sea breezes, had recruited my health, while interesting occupation and the society of friends had quieted and invigorated my mind. In the study of an obscure family of plants I had found objects of service as food for man and animal, as medicines, as dyes, and as bandages; but better than borrowed lore was the practical experience of God's hourly love in sending rest and help by means of the feeblest vegetables in his creation.

FUNERAL EXPENSES.

In a former article on this subject we drew attention to the position of the undertaker with regard to the bereaved, to the peculiar species of despotism which he exercises, and to the exercise of which he seems to consider himself entitled by a prescriptive right. We described some few of the abuses which exist in connection with our funeral customs, the evident folly and absurdity of some of these customs, and the distress and embar-

rassment to which they often lead; and, finally, we pointed out some simple means of reform, which are in every man's power, and which the experience of other nations has shown to be in all respects wholesome and efficacious. (In No. 554.)

In the present paper it is our intention to cite the testimony of undertakers themselves, and of others concerned in the burial of the dead, in evidence and in further illustration of the abuses so widely prevailing; to say a word or two on the enormities which have been known to result from the constitution of burial societies; and to append a few additional remarks, with a view to further the general adoption of a common-sense view of the commonest of all subjects, and the emancipation of the bereaved from the tyranny of the men of the hearse and plumes.

On looking into the statistics of the undertaker's trade, we are met at the first view by one expressive fact, which alone goes far to explain the enormous and fraudulent charges of which the public are the victims. The fact is this, that although there are in London considerably over a thousand persons who call themselves undertakers, there are only about four hundred and forty who devote their energies to that occupation. The rest, for the most part, are only undertakers' jackalls: they are in fact carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, upholsters, packing-case makers, house-agents, brokers, appraisers, etc.; and some of them are nothing at all but retail distributors of goods, "who retain the insignia of undertakers in their shop-windows for the sake of the profits of one or two funerals a-year. They merely transmit the orders to the furnishing undertaker, who supplies materials and men at a comparatively low rate." Now we have no hesitation in affirming that four hundred and forty undertakers is a great deal too many, if the public are to have fair play, inasmuch as the number of deaths in London, estimating them at one thousand one hundred weekly, which is near the mark, would give but an average of two and a half funerals a-week to each undertaker. It is monstrous to suppose that the charge of burying five persons, taken from the average population, should yield profit enough for the support of an average business establishment for a fortnight. But how much more monstrous is the fact that there are really about as many *soi-disant* undertakers in London as there are weekly deaths—all of whom are holding out their hands for a share of the expenses. Thus it happens that in about two-thirds of the funerals that take place, a "second profit" has to be paid to parties who are of no real service, this second profit often amounting (if the assertion of one of the profession is to be received as true) to as much as the sum received by the undertaker who does the work. Not unfrequently the second profit carries a "third profit" in its train; for one undertaker has deposited before a Government committee, that he often performed funerals "three-deep;" "that is," says he, "I do it for one person, who does it for another, who does it for the relatives of the deceased, he being the first person applied to." "Everybody," he adds, "calls himself an undertaker. The men employed as bearers call themselves undertakers. I have known one of these men get a new suit of clothes out of the funeral of a decent mechanic."

How this no-system tells upon society at large, will be best seen by a comparison of the cost of burials in London with the costs in Paris, where the ceremony is far more decorously and impressively conducted than it is with us. Look at the contrast. From evidence given before the committee above alluded to, some years ago,

it was shown that the average expense of the burial of all persons above the rank of paupers who die in London, was, within a small fraction, £15; and that the expenses varied from £3 or £4 up to £1000 or £1500; while in Paris, the average expense of each funeral (not including those of paupers) was exactly £2 13s. 9d. of English money. This comparison leads to the unavoidable inference, that, were funerals conducted here on the common-sense principle of fixed charges, which regulates other trades, the majority of the undertakers at present in existence would abandon the calling in favour of those who were willing to accept a reasonable remuneration.

We have said above, that the funeral ceremony in Paris is much more decorously and impressively performed than it is with us. The reason is, chiefly, that a more respectable class of subordinates are employed than are found hanging on at English, and especially at London funerals. Another reason is, that no drinking is allowed at any stage of the ceremony. "Undertakers' men," says the secretary of an English burial society, "usually take whatever drink is given them, and are frequently unfit to perform their duty, and have reeled in carrying the coffin. The men who stand as mutes at the door are supposed to require most drink. I have seen these men reel about the road, and, after the burial, we have been obliged to put these mutes and their staves into the interior of the hearse and drive them home, as they were incapable of walking." In the suburbs of London, along those lines of road leading to the cemeteries, it is almost an every-day occurrence to see "an empty hearse returning at a quick pace from the funeral, with half-a-dozen red-faced fellows sitting with their legs across the pegs which held the feathers." Now, neither in Paris nor in any other continental city are such frightful spectacles as these ever to be witnessed; the practical good sense which has abolished funeral extortion, would not tolerate such disgusting indecencies.

We must say a few words on burial societies and clubs, as forming an important branch of this subject. In these associations extortion assumes a different phase, and is sometimes tragically met by practices foully criminal on the part of members. Burial clubs are frequently set a-going by the combined activity of the undertaker and the publican, both of them of course operating with a view to business. The publican's business is to get rid of as much liquor as he can; and he gets a clause inserted in the regulations, to the effect that, at all meetings of the committee, so much is to be spent in drink; the undertaker's business is to bury as many people as he can—at a profit. The first thing noticeable in these societies is the rates of assurance, which are far greater than they might be if both assured and assurers always acted in good faith. Thus, for a risk which, according to the Northampton Tables, would be covered by 3s. 9d., burial clubs have taken 7s. 10d., and so on. The reason of this anomalous charge for risk is not far to seek. In the first place, as the Government Report informs us, "the undertaker, who is chief manager, has commonly an immediate interest in the admission of bad lives, which bring him in quick funerals;" and he must have a high rate of premium in order to keep up the funds which are to remunerate him. In the second place, there are parents—monsters in human shape—who insure their children in burial clubs for large amounts, by repeating the insurance in every club that will take them, and then allow the children to die of neglect, or, as has been proved in some cases, starve them, or actually poison them, in order to make good a claim for the money. The cost of burying a poor man's child is from twenty to thirty shillings; but it is well known that men

have received as much as from twenty to thirty pounds from insurances effected on one child. What is the burial club in these instances but a nursery of the foulest and most unnatural crime?

We have nothing to say against the feeling which urges a labouring man to make provision for the contingency of death, whether his own or that of any member of his family; on the contrary, the feeling is praiseworthy, and should be encouraged; and the burial club, under proper regulations, doubtless performs an important and valuable service. But in order that it may be thus efficacious, and yet hold out no incentive to crime, it should guarantee at the death of an *infant* member—not the payment of a sum of money to the assurer, but only the decent performance of the funeral ceremony. If that were the rule, there would be no incentive to murder, and the life of many an infant victim would be spared. In the case of adults it is indispensable that the money assured should be paid at death, the club being for the poor what the insurance office is to the trading and upper classes—a provision against poverty at a time when such provision is most needed. The rates of assurance, however, should be calculated not by upholsterers and publicans, but by actuaries skilled in their science, and qualified to determine the real value of the risks incurred. We need scarcely add, that a well-constituted club should steer clear of the publican, and disallow all drinking usages.

Reverting once more to the general subject, let us see what are the motives which urge to funeral display, and what foundation they have in reason and common sense. Apart from a regard to the memory of the deceased—of which we treated in the former paper—the only other motives we can discern are those of pride and vanity, and deference to public opinion. Pride and vanity often step in with their display when there is little grief, and, perhaps, in the shape of legacies, something to rejoice at. The “customary suits of solemn black,” the “trappings and the suits of woe,” frequently supply the place of grief, and in their fussy demonstrations sometimes produce effects which are intrinsically and intensely ludicrous, instead of being, as they should be, grave and solemn. Think of burying a smug citizen who has made a fortune by speculating in red herrings and periwinkles, with all the heraldic array of baronial sepulture! of having two mutes at his door, to represent the two porters of the castle—a man wearing a scarf, to represent the herald-at-arms—a man bearing a heap of feathers on his head, to personate the baron’s esquire—pall-bearers with batons, to act the part of knights-companions-at-arms—and men with wands, to represent gentlemen ushers! Can anything be more grossly preposterous than thus making the corpse of the poor fishmonger the stalking-horse to all this antiquated pomp, which, in his case, has no imaginable significance, and makes the honest man play the hypocrite and impostor after his death? Yet we witness this kind of absurdity every day. Survivors who can afford it, give the undertaker *carte blanche*, and he gets up all this array of absurd and irrelevant trumpery, because it will swell the bill. How much better would it be to bury the dead with modest, inexpensive simplicity, and to bestow the surplus, if it can be afforded, for the furtherance of some benevolent purpose!

But funeral displays are often made in deference to public opinion, because people want the moral courage to do what they feel to be right, in opposition to what is customary. Now, this “public opinion” is really nothing but a bugbear; no man or woman either, whose esteem is worth a straw, will think the worse of the widow or orphan for burying their dead economically—on the con-

trary, persons of sense will think more highly of them; he is but a blockhead who would measure the sorrow of the mourners by the money they throw away. Then, again, it is morally wrong to waste in funeral expenses, as is often done, the means of future support; and if the dead, who loved you, could know that you were so acting, and *could* grieve, they would surely grieve at that. Banish the foolish idea that you cannot have solemnity without show: that is altogether a mistake. “I have seen,” says a recent writer on this subject, in the “Gloucester Journal,” “some simple funerals of persons in the lower walks of life, and I can testify that there is more solemnity and appearance of mourning than in the got-up exhibitions of affluent magnificence.” This testimony is true. Whoever has stood amid mourners around the grave in the churchyard of a simple village—where the carpenter makes the coffin, and the dead is carried to his last resting-place by his friends and intimates—where the undertaker is an unknown functionary, and his boozy hangers-on have never found a footing—must have felt that sorrow is more honoured it its natural expression than it ever can be when it is hustled into contact with hireling sympathy and gloomful grimaces paid for at a guinea a head. Be assured, that in suiting your expenses in the matter of funerals to your circumstances in life, you will have nothing to fear from public opinion. It is but the thoughtless rabble who are gratified by the ghastly frippery, which is the undertaker’s stock in trade; and there is no reason why you should waste your substance for their special gratification.

POLAND AND THE POLES.

II.

WE shall now look into the proximate causes which led to the partition of Poland.

The Reformation was introduced early into Poland, and made great progress among all classes of the people. In some localities the Protestants were as numerous as the Catholics. In 1550 a complete toleration was given to all religious parties in the state. Afterwards, the Church of Rome secured legal possession of vast property and influence throughout Poland, and became intolerant and overbearing.

In the interval between the death of Augustus III and the election of Stanislaus, a law was passed at the Diet as to the dissenters from the Roman Catholic faith (*Dissidents*, as they were called), by which they were forbidden the free exercise of their religion, and kept from all places and offices under the government. Russia, Prussia, Great Britain, and Denmark interposed and remonstrated to the Diet, but without success. The exactions of the Catholic clergy were then enormous. The tithes in some localities were more nearly a fifth than a tenth part; in other parts the lands were mortgaged to the Church for heavy loans. The country was oppressed with thirty abbeys, forty-nine Jesuits’ colleges, ninety convents, and five hundred and seventy-nine monasteries. The contest between the Catholics and Dissidents lasted through the chief part of the eighteenth century, and led to a civil war, which ended in the ruin of the kingdom. On 6th October, 1766, a Diet was assembled, when the Dissidents, supported by the foreign courts, demanded their civil rights secured to them by the treaty of Oliva, concluded in 1660, and sanctioned by all the northern powers. Meantime, Russia sent troops into Poland, within a few miles of Warsaw, which were afterwards increased to 30,000. This was done on the pretext of supporting the rightful claims of the Dissidents. As was customary in

Poland, confederacies were entered into on both sides. In the beginning of 1768 a new confederacy was formed in Podolia, a province on the borders of Turkey, termed the Confederacy of the Bar, with the view of crushing by force the liberal measures in favour of the Dissidents. Several encounters took place between them and the Russian troops, when the former were generally defeated. In retaliation, they perpetrated great cruelties on the Dissidents in the Ukraine, when they were put down by Russian arms. Meantime, agriculture was neglected, and the crops of 1770 were a failure, and a great part of the country was laid desolate. In 1771 the confederates, aided by France with money and military volunteers, again had recourse to arms, but were repulsed by strong reinforcements of Russian troops, and had to succumb before the armies of Russia and Prussia, who had now entered Poland on different sides.

Having noticed the religious dissensions which divided and distracted the country down to the time of the first partition, we now resume our political narrative. On the death of Sobieski, Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, was elected to the throne, under the title of Augustus II. At this time Europe was invaded by Charles XII of Sweden, and the Polish king was persuaded by Peter the Great, of Muscovy (Russia), to enter into a coalition of the northern powers against the former, not as King of Poland, but as Elector of Saxony. Charles defeated Augustus at Kliszow, and deposed him, appointing a young Polish noble, Stanislaus Leszezynski, in his place. On the overthrow of Charles at the battle of Pultawa, Augustus was restored by the aid of Russia, on the humiliating condition that the army of Poland should not exceed 24,000 men. He was succeeded by his son, Augustus III, a weak-minded prince, at whose death, in 1763, the first partition of Poland was planned and consummated.

It had meantime been arranged between the Empress Catherine of Russia, and Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, to spoil Poland of some of her fairest provinces, and a secret treaty was concluded between them, that Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski should be elected to the vacant throne in Poland. He was young and handsome, had been a Polish ambassador at Petersburg, and had been a favourite of the profligate Catherine. To secure the election of Stanislaus, an army of 40,000 Russians was marched into Poland, under the pretext of keeping the peace during the election. Only a small minority of the Polish nobles protested against his election under the pressure of foreign force.

There is a difference of opinion among historians as to who was the originator of the partition of Poland. Some attribute it to the Empress Catharine, and others to the King of Prussia. It appears that Polish or Western Prussia had long been an object of ambition to Frederick, yet he pursued his scheme cautiously. He concurred with Russia in the election of Stanislaus Augustus, but took no active part against the Roman Catholic confederates. In 1769, when Poland was torn with civil and religious dissensions, and desolated with the plague, under pretext of forming lines to prevent the spreading of the contagion, he sent his troops into Polish Prussia, and occupied it. In 1771, a manifesto was issued by Catharine, stating that in Poland the government was without action, and the law without force. In September, 1772, appeared a joint declaration of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, "that these three powers had decided to take the most just and efficacious measures to re-establish order and tranquillity in Poland, and to found upon a more solid basis the constitution and liberties of the nation."

At the summons of his so-called protectors, the king, on 17th April, 1773, convoked a Diet to consider the state of the country. The Hall of the Assembly was filled with foreign troops, and the members had been bribed and intimidated. Only a small band stood true and patriotic, at the hazard of their life or personal liberty, and uttered a protest against this outrage to their independence. It was proposed by the three powers to strip Poland of part of her provinces, to guarantee the safety of the rest, and to establish a more orderly government. At the same time they promised to pay up the debts of the king. This partition treaty was carried with great difficulty, as the majority of the nuncios and the king were against it. The ambassadors of the three Courts threatened the king with deposition and imprisonment in case of refusal, and if the Diet continued obstinate, Warsaw would be given up to pillage. By cajolery and bribery, and promises and threats, the Assembly and the king were driven to the necessity of accepting this accursed measure. Russia took possession of a large part of the eastern provinces; Austria seized a fertile district in the south-west, and Prussia appropriated, as her share of the plunder, the commercial district in the north-west, including the lower part of the Vistula.

The Courts of London, Paris, Stockholm, and Copenhagen remonstrated against this foul robbery, but to no purpose.

Our space compels us to be brief in our details. Under the pretext of reforming the constitution of unhappy Poland, they confirmed its defects, to prevent it from rising into prosperity and power. For two hundred years the Poles had termed their government a republic, as the prerogatives of the king were rather the functions of a president of a commonwealth than the sovereign of a great state. He was not only restricted by the *pacta conventa*, but by the council vested with the executive power of the state. This council consisted of thirty-six persons, elected by the Diet from the nobility of the kingdom, of which the king was president.

The king of Poland was strongly bribed by the partitioning powers to acquiesce in the partition, yet he was not satisfied with their arrangements. On 3rd May, 1791, a new constitution was introduced by the king and his states. By its provisions, the Roman Catholic religion was established, but full toleration was given to the other creeds and sections in the state; it guaranteed to the nobility the ancient rights and privileges of their order; gave the free towns jurisdictions of their own; abolished serfdom, by proclaiming all equal in the sight of the law; based all civil power on the will of the people, through representative institutions, and appointed two Houses of Parliament—the Upper House for the senate, and the Lower House for the nuncios or deputies, the king to preside over the former; the business of the Diet to be regulated by the majority of the votes; the throne to cease to be elective, and on the death of the king, to be hereditary in the family of the Elector of Saxony; every possessor of land, however small, to vote for representatives to the national Diet, with other wise and liberal measures.

These were the elements of the new constitution of 1791. It was met with great opposition on the part of some corrupt nobles and malcontents, who protested against it, and complained to the Empress of Russia. In April, 1792, the Diet learned that Russia was strongly opposed to their reform measures, and was about to send 80,000 men into Poland, in addition to the 70,000 from Moldavia, to crush the reformers. The nation rose with enthusiasm, and under Poniatowski, nephew of the king,

made a noble stand against the enemy. Prussia basely declined to interpose and to preserve the territories of the Republic from a new outrage. She insultingly told Poland to retrace her steps. The new levies of the Poles were unable to keep their ground before the armies of Russia, and had to give way to superior numbers. After a series of engagements, Prince Poniatowski retreated, though ably supported by the courage and skill of the noble Kosciusko. On the 23rd of July, the old and pusillanimous king recommended submission to the deputies at Warsaw, and spoke of the hopelessness of the struggle; while the other European Courts gave no active assistance. To their eternal honour, four high-minded patriots protested against it. Under the cruel pressure of Russian arms, the former wretched constitution was restored, and Poland was placed under the foreign yoke of Russia. At this time Russia and Prussia seized on other portions of the territories of Poland, and the Diet was compelled to give a form of legality to these usurpations.

In February, 1794, Kosciusko, with a band of armed peasants, made his appearance near Cracow, expelled the Russian troops from that city, and proclaimed the constitution of 1791. The nation gathered around his standard. The Russian garrison was expelled from Warsaw. Borne down by superior forces, Kosciusko found the contest hopeless. He was taken prisoner and carried to St. Petersburg, where he was confined in a dungeon till the death of Catharine. The rest of the Polish forces were also swept off the field, and Poland lay mangled and bleeding under the foot of Russia. The chiefs of the country were banished to Siberia and distant provinces, and the unhappy old king was sent to Russia, where he died. The third partition of Poland was then made between Austria, Prussia, and Russia (in 1795.) Prussia obtained the capital, with the territory as far as the Niemen. Austria, for her share, got possession of Cracow, with the country between the Pilitz Vistula and Bug. The lion's share fell to Russia. The name of Poland was then erased from the map of nations. Since then, the brave Poles have had no land they could call their own. Yet they have not been without hope that their national independence shall one day be restored to them. They have lent their gallant legions to the Italian Republics to combat for liberty. They joined the ranks of the French Republic, and fought under Napoleon, but their services were overlooked. In 1806, they were animated with new hopes after the victories of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. Instead of restoring the kingdom of Poland, Napoleon only erected the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, as a barrier against Russia, which he united with Saxony. It consisted of the departments of Posen, Kalisch, Plock, Warsaw, Lomza, and Bydgoszez, with about 2,000,000 of people. The Poles were disappointed.

In the constitution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the Catholic religion was established, toleration given to all, and serfdom done away. The Grand Duke of Warsaw (the King of Saxony) had the initiative of all public measures, and the appointment of officers, civil and military, and the Code Napoleon was introduced as the basis of public law. Some looked on this duchy as the nucleus of the future restored kingdom of Poland; others regarded it as the grave of hope. In the year 1809, the Poles, of themselves, conquered Galicia, took Cracow, and occupied the surrounding territory. They recovered Warsaw, their capital, and gained many advantages, but were only allowed to retain Cracow, Radom, Lublin, and Siedlec as a small remuneration for their blood and toil.

Upon Napoleon's entering on the war with Russia, the Poles again hoped for their nationality and the recovery of their fatherland. The great mass of the nation joined his banners. The nobles, with the King of Saxony at their head, declared the Republic restored. A deputation was sent to Napoleon at Wilna, when he replied he had guaranteed to Austria her Polish spoils. The enthusiasm of the people was damped, which contributed to the terrible disasters of the Russian campaign, as they refused to aid the retreat of the French army. By the fall of Napoleon, the Duchy of Warsaw was extinguished, and the partitioning states regained possession of the towns and districts they formerly held.

In the European Conference at Paris, in 1814, connected with the fall of Napoleon, there were again hopes for the restoration of Poland. But they were dispelled on the escape of Napoleon from Elba. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw was attached to Russia as a separate kingdom, and was governed by separate institutions. Austria and Prussia also agreed to give their Polish subjects national institutions, which were sanctioned by the Treaty of Vienna.

The new kingdom of Poland was proclaimed on 20th June, 1815, and in December, urged by France and Great Britain, Russia gave this small state a liberal constitution. By this charter, the Catholic religion was established, yet, toleration allowed to all; liberty of the press, responsible ministers, legislative powers in the King and the two Chambers; all offices civil and military to be given to natives; kings of Poland to be crowned at Warsaw; franchise extended, with other liberal measures. The chief defect was the inability of the two Chambers to introduce new laws, as the initiative had to be taken by the king or the council of state. From the settlement of the kingdom, in 1815, till 1820, the Constitution was observed. But after the formation of the Holy Alliance, in 1820, oppressive measures were taken to crush its liberties. Freedom of the press was abolished, and a censorship instituted. A secret police pursued its unscrupulous work, and the dungeons were filled with victims, while the capital was kept in check by a Russian garrison.

How insignificant this small kingdom of Poland, compared with Poland before the partition! It is divided into five departments—

	Area in square miles.	Arrondissements.	Population in 1855.
Angustowo	7,242	5	613,921
Lublin	11,627	8	1,007,241
Plock	6,744	6	550,643
Radom	9,631	8	923,365
Warsaw	14,164	12	1,702,675
Total	49,408	39	4,797,845

The kingdom contained in 1855, 3,714,016 Roman Catholics, 572,052 Jews, and 270,412 Protestants; and the capital had 156,072 inhabitants.

At the date of the first partition, Poland had an area of about 282,764 English square miles, and a population of about 12,216,000.

	Square miles.	Inhabitants.
In the first partition Russia obtained	41,804	1,800,000
Prussia	13,335	416,000
Austria	27,063	2,700,000
In second partition Russia	96,372	3,000,000
Prussia	22,436	1,000,000
In third partition Russia	42,968	1,200,000
Prussia	21,103	1,000,000
Austria	17,653	1,000,000
Total	282,764	12,216,000

The Poles might have had an opportunity of regaining

their liberty in 1828, when the Russian army was engaged with the Turks on the Danube; but they were not then prepared. The French Revolution of July, 1830, produced a profound impression on the Polish nation. Stimulated by the example of the patriots in France, they rose in insurrection to the number of 40,000 armed men, seized possession of Warsaw and the arsenal, and were joined by several of the Polish regiments there. The insurrection was put down by Russian troops, and punished with all the horrors of confiscation, banishment, and death. The Republic of Cracow—that tiny state, created by the treaty of Vienna—was extinguished on the 9th of November, 1846, and added to the Austrian spoils. Soon after, the kingdom of Poland was made a province of Russia, under the iron sceptre of Nicholas.

We have only space to refer briefly to movements, the end of which has yet to be seen. In Warsaw, last year, on the 25th of November, which was the anniversary of the Polish Revolution of 1830, there was a public demonstration held to commemorate the first great battle of that period—the battle of Growchow—in which the Russians were defeated by the patriots, with the loss of 7000 men. A similar demonstration took place shortly after, which was well organized. As the procession advanced along the crowded streets, they shouted for Poland. The national banner—the white eagle—was unfurled amid the huzzas of 30,000 people. The police attempted to stop the procession, but their efforts were unavailing. The Russian garrison was then called out, and eight people were slain, and many more wounded.

There have been many disturbances since, and we hear that discontent prevails among all classes, and that the Poles will be satisfied with nothing less than their nationality. They do not ask another Prince; but they insist on having their own church, their own government, their own laws and language. In vain the emperor has offered concessions to the people. A separate council of state is promised to the kingdom; the local administration of Warsaw is to be assigned to an elective municipal government; the system of public instruction, offensive to the people, is to be reformed; and the Emperor of Russia is to reign in this part of his dominions as King of Poland.

Yet, while these fair hopes were held out to the Poles in his dominions, he dissolved the Agricultural Association, which was the most fitting and peaceful means the people had of giving public expression to their sentiments. The discontent continues, under the rule of the Grand Duke Constantine and his Polish adviser, the Marquis Wielopolski. Though now groaning under the rod of their oppressors, many will still address Poland in these glowing lines:—

"Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free.
A little while along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns.
Truth shall restore the light that God hath given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire from heaven.
Proned to the dust, oppression shall be hurled,
Her name—her ensigns—withered from the world."

DR. LINACRE OF OXFORD.

In the course of our general reading, names frequently occur which have become to us only the echoes of some meaning. Perhaps we never knew anything but the name; perhaps the history attached has faded from memory, by that perpetual process of obliteration which

re-enacts the palimpsests of monkhood, blotting out the past by the present. A nebulous mist of something like knowledge seems to surround the name, which dissipates and leaves nothing but the letters which compose the syllables, when we attempt to investigate what we really know.

Likewise names get bracketed together in our remembrance, calling up each other when one is mentioned. Who does not think of Luther when he hears of Melancthon? of Addison, when he hears of Steele and Swift? Thus literary firms are established with ever-during partnerships, capable of dissolution by no deed in law. Among the celebrated names, that at the head of this paper is linked naturally with Colet and Lilly. The reforming Dean of St. Paul's, and the first master of its grammar-school, form a worthy triumvirate with Linacre, and we are apt to fancy that we know all about them when glibly their names glide from our tongues or pens.

"But who was Linacre?"

"Oh, an English scholar and physician of Henry the Eighth's time, a friend of Erasmus," and there I stopped. It was positively all I knew concerning the name which seemed so familiar.

To mend this defective place in my education, I have searched out the following particulars respecting this half forgotten man of letters, whose repute in his own time was equivalent to that of Sir Benjamin Brodie and the first classical scholar at Oxford, combined. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

About the year 1460, he was born at Canterbury. Our first clear glimpse of him, across the chasm of so many centuries, is as a young man in the delicious gardens of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence, where the rising stars of European learning were wont to assemble. There Politian, Chalcondyles, Grocyn, Lilly, Michael Angelo, met in sweet fellowship, with many another forgotten scholar of the age. Thomas Linacre had learned at Oxford all that its professors could teach of Latin, astrology, scholastic philosophy, and medicine; and now under the cloudless Tuscan heavens a new mental world opened to his view in the revived language of the Greeks. He studied it with the same preceptor as the sons of Lorenzo de Medici; day and night he toiled at the glorious tongue. Aristotle, the great master of the philosophy of the period, and whose writings had given law to the mind of Europe, was the primary object of his study. He is said to have been the first English physician who was able to read Aristotle and Galen in the original.

Another treasure lay locked up in that wondrous Greek language, of which Linacre little thought at the time; but he was unconsciously to pave the way for its revelation. Those studies of his in the villa of the Medici bore, scarce indirectly, on the fortunes of our English Bible.

He made such progress, that Erasmus ranked him "before all the scholars of Italy." Visions of Platonic philosophy absorbed him; for the so-called Christian world was well nigh heathen; and the newly risen learning tended to a refined Paganism, until it unveiled the Testament which was to be the salt of the earth. Another young man, "more bashful than a maiden," shared in his dreams and his studies—the boldest martyr for a yet unknown truth, Latimer by name.

Returning to Oxford, Linacre took his doctor's degree, and was made Professor of Physic. But he by no means confined his teaching to the *materia medica*. It was his mission to spread the knowledge of Greek, which should prepare our English universities for the Word of God. He opened classes for the study of Greek literature;

and verily he had the reward of his life's labour in being the master of William Tyndale, our great translator.

It was a nobler and a more resultful office than another which to the age seemed grander: Henry VII had made him tutor to Prince Arthur, the hope of the English crown, the blighted husband of Catherine of Arragon. Afterwards Linacre became Physician to the King, and to Prince Henry, the successor of Arthur. To sum up the medical history of our scholar in one paragraph: he founded two lectures at Oxford and one at Cambridge, for the education of physicians; and taking greatly to heart the disordered state of his profession, he devised the plan of incorporating its members into a body, resembling the guild of a trade. Such companies as the skimmers' and fishmongers' were of greater importance then than we can easily imagine now: they consolidated and protected every branch of industry. Linacre projected a similar self-government for the medical profession, and the result was a patent for incorporating the physicians of London into a college, that "illiterate and ignorant medicasters" might no longer practise quackery with impunity. Its founder held the office of president during his life.

There was no profession, during that and foregoing centuries, which did not naturally dovetail with the ecclesiastic. We find Thomas Linacre entering orders in 1509, and becoming precentor of York Cathedral. His second and last preferment was to be Prebendary of Westminster. The life of a man of letters affiliated pleasantly with the dignity of a churchman. An earlier phase of Linacre's life reveals him often at Colet's table, dining before noon with one Thomas More, a slender blue-eyed law student, who has jesting frequent on his lips, yet deep gravity and bigoted superstition in his heart; also with a bursar of Magdalene College, one Thomas Wolsey, not yet the royal almoner, much less the cardinal; also with the astute-visaged Fleming, Erasmus of Rotterdam, who writes, in some enthusiasm, "I cannot tell you how I am delighted with your English; with such men I could willingly live in the uttermost parts of Scythia."

All intellectual life found vent through the Church. Colet's house and table were the centre of that literature which was God's messenger preparing a path for the Reformation. His own voice gave no uncertain sound. He preached so energetically at St. Paul's Cross against the errors of Rome, that zealots thought of burning him. The Bishop of London brought a heavy complaint to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the dean had declared that Christian men ought not to worship images; that the divine command, "Feed my sheep," refers not to the temporal supplies of the clergy; that every man should use the Lord's Prayer translated into English. He was known to be a close student of that pestilent volume of which Erasmus had lately published a new edition—the New Testament in the original Greek, with a literal translation into Latin on the opposite pages; concerning which he was wont to say, "I admire the writings of the apostles, but almost forget them when I contemplate the wonderful majesty of Jesus Christ." What though the dean had given the bulk of his fortune to found St. Paul's school, it was for the encouragement of that same pestilent learning which would yet undo the Church.

Such a character was Colet, the most intimate friend of Linacre. And if from friends and pupils we may guess the man, then are Dean Colet and William Tyndale no bad testimony to the inner life of our scholar.

Rare times were those for learning and learned men. Linacre, as we have seen, shared in the sunshine of

royal favour; and though his position, writing the "rudiments of grammar" for the Princess Mary, is humbler, it is more safe than the envied pre-eminence of Sir Thomas More, who walks on the leads of the palace with his king's arm on his shoulder, conversing about astronomy.

Two great factions divided the world of letters: Greeks and Trojans contended with weapons only less sharp than swords. Linacre was foremost in the phalanx of the first-mentioned. The latter were worthily called "obscurants," for they would fain have brought back the mental gloom of the dark ages. "Beware of the Greeks, lest you should become a heretic," was their cry. And truly the new language, being the avenue to God's pure word, was strangely liable to land men in a realm of Protestant thought. We have no record as to whether Linacre ever went with his party to this uttermost. He died before the great convulsions about religion began, before the fair promise of Henry VIII's opening years was clouded with cruelty, in the year 1520, and sank away in the waves of generations, like many another scholar of note and influence, leaving for the casual reader, from all his learning and his reputation, only a name.

NOTES ON KEW AND KEW GARDENS.

BY THE REV. T. T. HAVERFIELD.

WE have received the following interesting letter from a venerable clergyman, the Rev. T. Tunstall Haverfield, whose long residence at Kew enables him to make valuable annotations on the Kew papers published in the July part of "The Leisure Hour:"—

Having been for some months from home, I did not receive your numbers for the month of July till lately. I should otherwise have written sooner, to communicate some facts relating to Kew Gardens, which do not seem to have become known to you. I was born at Kew, in the year 1787, and resided there for the first fifty years of my life, and was also for many of those years intimately connected with the palace and gardens.* This makes me able to correct some errors which those who have only resided there a short time, or not at all, might be excused for making.

That portion of what was originally called Kew Gardens was laid out by my grandfather, John Haverfield, Esq., who was presented to the then Princess of Wales by the Earl of Bute, and appointed by her Superintendent of the Royal Gardens.† That part of the Royal pleasure grounds, which used to be called Richmond Gardens, and which fell into the crown by the attainder of the Duke of Ormond, in the reign of George II, was laid out by the celebrated Lancelot Brown, commonly called "Capability Brown."

My grandfather retained the superintendence of the whole gardens until his death, about 1784, when my father, his eldest son, succeeded him in the care of Richmond Gardens,‡ as well as the vegetable and fruit garden which adjoined the Richmond Road.

Mr. W. Aiton, sen., was brought to Kew by my grandfather as his principal assistant, and his skill in botany having brought him under the special notice of

* I was curate of Kew from 1812 to 1818, when the Rev. Thomas Cope Marsham was succeeded by the Rev. Caleb C. Cotton, the author of "Lacon." During the summer and autumn of the latter year I officiated as chaplain to the princesses and the household of Queen Charlotte, who died in November.

† Mr. Haverfield is mentioned by Lysons, in his "Environs of London," as "well known for his skill and taste in landscape gardening."

‡ His second son, Thomas Haverfield, was Superintendent of Hampton Court Gardens, and planted the celebrated vine.

George III, he was appointed to the superintendence of Kew Gardens, which were formerly separated from the portion of ground that was originally laid out by Mr. Aiton as the Botanic Garden. An addition was made to the royal property about this time, by the death of Thomas Methold, Esq., a well-known wine merchant, whose house and grounds, very near the old Botanic Garden, were purchased by the king.

Kew Gardens, as at first laid out, contained a very fine lake, which extended in breadth nearly across the whole, and in length a very considerable portion of the fine old lawn, reaching nearly to the site of the pagoda, the only one of six ornamental buildings by Sir William Chambers now remaining.

In consequence of an Act of Parliament, introduced by Mr. Burke for the regulation of the royal household, by which both the character and emoluments were greatly altered, my father retired from it about 1795, when Richmond Gardens were transferred to Mr. W. Aiton, jun., who had succeeded his father in the superintendence of Kew and the Botanic Gardens.

It was about this time that the character of Kew Gardens was completely altered, it was said in consequence of the king having an intention to convert the whole space into arable land. The lake was filled up, a small pond only being left, close to the Chinese temple and bridge, where the museum and basin are now situated, and a walk bordered with trees was made across the whole width of the garden. This was called the Stafford Walk, in consequence of the privates of his Majesty's favourite regiment, the Staffordshire Militia, having been chiefly employed in its construction.

The White Palace was pulled down on the commencement of the New Palace, nearly towards the beginning of the present century—not in 1789, as stated in "The Leisure Hour." I remember every part of it, both within and without; and though I cannot fix the precise year, it could not have been earlier than 1799. The present palace, formerly the Prince of Wales's house, in which George IV was brought up, was then transferred by him to the crown, and was intended also to be pulled down by his father, as soon as the New Palace was finished.

The melancholy loss of sight which preceded, by four or five years, the loss of reason in George III, put a stop to the building of the New Palace, which was never liked by George IV, and was pulled down soon after he came to the throne. He did something, however, for Kew. He purchased what is now called "Hanover House," so named in consequence of its having been given by William IV to the late king of Hanover, then Duke of Cumberland, who succeeded to the German throne on his brother's death. The house belonged to Robert Hunter, Esq., together with the grounds attached to it, and the island on the river behind it. The greater part of these grounds were attached to a house to the westward of Hanover House, formerly belonging to the Earl of Effingham, and were purchased on the death of the Dowager Countess by T. Theobald, Esq., who was then the owner of Hanover House, somewhere about 1775.

This purchase induced the copyholders of the parish to give up to the king their right to the land (part of the Green) lying between that house and the grounds belonging to it, and the Botanic Garden. In return for this, his Majesty presented the church with an organ, built by command of George III, by Mr. Blyth, of Isleworth, and intended for the New Palace. This organ was improved by a swell, added by means of funds raised by subscription at my instigation; and after the addition made to the church by William IV, 1837, in the same

way, through the means of W. Selle, Esq., Mus. Doctor, the then organist, and now organist of the chapel in Hampton Court Palace, when a row of pedal pipes was added. A schoolmaster of Kew published a pamphlet, in which he says that this organ belonged to Handel; but he has confounded it with an old harpsichord with a double row of keys, which was highly valued by George III, on account of its having belonged to the great master. I must say that this transfer of the ground was a great addition to the Green itself, as well as to the Royal Gardens.

There was formerly an aviary built against the wall that separated Kew Gardens from the Green. It contained a very large number of canaries, and was under the care of the old porter of the palace gates, named Hutchinson. When the wall was pulled down, in order to lay that portion of the Green into the gardens, it became necessary to pull down the aviary also. No thought was given to the poor birds, no thought to the old keeper, to whom, if they had been given, they might have brought in a pretty good sum; no, the poor little bipeds, who had cheered many with their sweet songs, were let loose to perish either by famine or by the animosity of the wild winged inhabitants of the garden. Who was to blame for this I know not; but certainly it was a piece of ignorance or carelessness deserving the highest censure. Had Sir W. Hooker had the care of the gardens at that time, I feel confident that the matter would have been conducted differently.

Having mentioned the organ, I may as well add, (as many mistakes have been made upon the subject,) that the church of St. Anne was built in the year 1714, on a plot of ground given by Queen Anne, and named after her. It was consecrated May 12th, O. S., (23rd, N. S.,) and was enlarged by George III, first about 1780, and again 1805. A further enlargement, and more important one to the parish, was made by William IV, 1837, and not completed till after his death.

There is one name connected with the Botanic Gardens at Kew which ought not to have been omitted in their history. It is that of Francis Bauer, a native of Austria, botanic painter to Queen Charlotte. He was a man of the most extraordinary scientific talent, and perhaps the finest painter of flowers in water colours that ever existed, but modest and retiring—one who preferred public utility to personal reputation. Independently of his numerous splendid drawings, made from the resources of the Botanic Gardens, there is one work of his which occupied three or four years, and nearly cost him his eye-sight. This is now, I believe, in the library of the Linnæan Society. I forget the precise title, but it comprises a series of microscopic drawings, describing the almost daily progress of a grain of wheat, from the period of its being first committed to the ground to its full growth in the ear. There is also a similar one, in the "Philosophical Transactions," of the same progress of an egg under the hen. Most of Sir Joseph Banks' papers—in those "Transactions" are illustrated by him, and some of those papers themselves were, I believe, the produce of his pen; in some of them, indeed, I have myself, at my friend Bauer's request, made verbal corrections, his German dialect adhering to him to the last, though he lived for a full half century in England. Sir Joseph Banks bequeathed him an annuity of £300 per annum.

Sir W. Hooker's improvements were not begun till I had ceased to reside at Kew (though still within three or four miles), and he certainly deserves every praise that can be given him for the judicious exercise of talent which have given to the gardens a world-wide fame.